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#11

MAD CAVE

DICK TRACY

SEGURA
MORECI
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CAMPBELL

#11

He thought he was done with the war... but the war wasn't done with him.

MAD CAVE

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Digital Version.

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FORWARD, MEN! FORWARD! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT STRONGHO--
TWIP
COME ON, YOU HEARD THE SARGE! WE'VE GOT TO--
TUT TUT TUT TUT TUT TUT
BELGIUM. 1944.

DAMN IT, CLIMER! WHERE'S OUR BACKUP?!

WHAT BACKUP?

I THOUGHT YOU YANKS WERE BRINGING THE HEAVY ARTILLERY, TRACY.

THEN IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT SOME BAD INTEL.

WELCOME TO THE BRITISH ARMY, OLD MAN. THE FOOD'S LOUSY, THE DIRECTIVES ARE UNCLEAR, AND SUPPLIES ARE SCARCE. BUT STIFF UPPER LIP, EH?

SOUNDS LIKE THE AMERICAN ARMY--WE JUST COMPLAIN MORE. NOW, IF WE HAVE ANY DESIGNS ON SURVIVING THIS, WE HAVE TO--

HEY, CAPTAIN TRACY! I THINK I SEE AN OPENING IN--

KID, GET YOUR GODDAMN HEAD DOWN! GET--

TWIP

IF WE WANT TO SURVIVE, I SUGGEST WE WAIT FOR SOME KIND OF REINFORCE--

WHERE ARE THE NAZIS, CARL?

PARDON ME?

I SAID *WHERE* ARE THE *GOD DAMN NAZIS?!*

IN GERMANY, I BELIEVE. FOR THE MOST PART.

NO.

THEY'RE PERCHED SOMEWHERE NORTHWEST OF OUR POSITION. AND WHERE THE NAZIS ARE...

...THAT'S WHERE *WE* GO.

I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO SAY THAT.

ALL RIGHT, TRACY, HOLD ON.

I'M COMING, OLD MAN! JUST--

HOLD ON, TRACY!

WAITWAIT WAITWA--

SLAM

DON'T SLAM INTO THEM! I WAS GOING TO SAY *DON'T* SLAM INTO THEM.

NEXT TIME...*I* DRIVE.

JUST NEEDED TO LET THEM KNOW WE'RE HERE.

DOCTOR FORD! TRACY'S GAINING ON US!

I *REALIZE THAT.* NOW IF YOU'D KINDLY SIT BACK AND *SHUT UP...*

...I'LL HANDLE THAT COPPER.

THAT'S RIGHT, GET A LITTLE CLOSER. A *LITTLE* CLOSER...

GOTCHA.

VVVRRMMMMMM

RRRRRRRRRRRR

HE'S BRAKING DOCTOR FORD! HE'S *BRAKING!*

SMASH

YES, YOU *IDIOT.* I GOT THAT.

THE SUMMER SISTERS, FORD! WE KNOW YOU'RE WORKING FOR THEM...

...WHERE ARE THEY? *WHO* ARE THEY?

EASY, PAT-- A COUPLE HOURS IN LOCKUP, AND I'M SURE THE GOOD DOCTOR WILL HAVE PLENTY TO SA--

HELL OF A COLLAR, TRACY...

WHAT THE...

...THOUGH I WONDER IF THE MUNICIPAL DAMAGE WAS *COMPLETELY* NECESSARY.

KIDDING--I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE CITY'S BUDGET UNTIL I'M MAYOR. AT THE RATE YOU'RE GOING, THE STREETS WILL BE CLEAN BY THEN. RIGHT, TRACY?

TRACY?

HEY, YOU THERE?

YEAH, SAM. SORRY, JUST--

"--THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING."

Segura's
DINER
RESTAURANT

THE BANDIT BRIGADE

GOOD TO SEE YOU...

...CAPTAIN.

CARL CLIMER.

I THOUGHT I SAW YOU. EARLIER TODAY, IN THE CROWD.

THEN I GUESS YOU CAN SAY I'VE GOTTEN SLOPPY, CAN'T YOU?

JOIN ME, OLD BOY...

"...LET'S TAKE A WALK."

I HAD A FEELING SOMEONE WAS WATCHING ME-- BACK AT THE DINER.

HAD TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE WELL AND GOOD ALONE.

WHILE I DO ENJOY A NICE TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE, I HAVE TO ADMIT...

...THIS *ISN'T* A SOCIAL VISIT. I'M ON A JOB, AND I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT IT INVOLVES SOMETHING BAD HAPPENING IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD.

HERE IN THE CITY? WHAT IS IT?

PRIVILEGED INTEL. BUT IF WE CAN FIND SOMEWHERE TO SPEAK, SOMEWHERE AWAY FROM PRYING EYES AND EAR--

HEY! HEY, HEY, *HEY!*

STOP THE BUS! *STOP THAT BUS!*

CARL, WAIT--

NOT HERE! NOT NOW!

I...I'LL BE IN TOUCH...

LEMME HAVE THE EVENING EDITION.

DAILY

DAILY

DOCTOR FORD ARRESTED

BANK JOB FOILED

GODDAMN IT...

TELEPHONE

TELEPHONE

C'MON, PICK UP, PICK UP...

HELLO...

...THIS IS TESS TRUEHART.

TESSY, IT'S ME--IT'S PAT.

PAT? HOW'D YOU KNOW I'D BE IN THE OFFICE?

COME ON, KID. IT'S YOU. NOW LISTEN...

...I NEED A FAVOR.

WHAT KIND OF FAVOR?

LOOK, TRACY'LL KILL ME IF HE HEARS ME SAYING THIS, BUT...

...WE'RE MISSING SOMETHING WITH THESE BANK JOBS. THESE SUMMER SISTERS, WHOEVER THE HELL THEY ARE...THEY'RE BEHIND ALL THESE JOBS, AND WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE.

BUT NO ONE, AND I MEAN NO ONE, WILL TALK.

WE DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE OR WHERE THEY COME FROM--AND I DON'T LIKE THAT.

I NEED YOUR HELP, TESS. WE NEED TO GO DEEPER ON THIS.

GIVE ME TWELVE HOURS, PAT. IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO BE FOUND, I'LL FIND IT.

I HAD A FEELING YOU'D SAY THAT. AND TESS?

YOU'VE GOT TEN HOURS.

TWIP

UKKK...

GUHHH...

WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR, JUNE-- LET'S ROLL OUT.

COPY THAT, MAY. THE SUMMER SISTERS HAVEN'T SEEN A BANK THEY COULDN'T FLEECE!

STOP RIGHT THERE!

THERE'S NO WAY OUT, LADIES--DROP THE LOOT AND RAISE YOUR HANDS... NOW!

OH MY, SEEMS LIKE THE BIG BAD POLICE MAN IS ANGRY, JUNE.

SURE DOES, MAY. I THINK WE SHOULD LISTEN TO HIM.

MAYBE NEXT TIME, SIS!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

WE NEED BACKUP-- SOMEONE GET TRACY ON THE HORN...!

KRRKKK

...AAACCKKK...

THEY GOT HIM! HE'S DOWN!

DAMNIT, GOMEZ IS DOWN! WE NEED HELP!

I THINK IT'S TIME WE TOOK OUR LEAVE, SWEET SISTER.

INDEED. WE HAVE BIGGER FISH TO FRY.

AND WE HAVE MUCH TO REPORT!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

WHERE IS HE?!

WHERE IS DICK TRACY?

...SAID THERE WERE TWO RED-HEADED LADIES LEADING THE CHARGE.

CAN'T BELIEVE WE LOST GOMEZ. HE WAS GOOD POLICE. DAMMIT.

THIS IS A *BLOOD-BATH.*

TRACY! TRACY!

TESS? WHAT IS IT?

YOU LOOK--

--LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST.

DICK, IT'S--IT'S PAT.

PAT? WHAT ABOUT PAT?

HE'S BEEN SHOT, DICK--

"--AND IT'S BAD."

HOSPITA

PAT...I SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE FOR HIM. I SHOULD HAVE... HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN?

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, DICK. IT'S NO ONE'S FAULT-- EXCEPT WHOEVER DID THIS TO HIM.

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT HAD TO HAVE BEEN LIKE FOR PAT. ALL ALONE. FOR SO LONG.

JUST BLEEDING OUT ON SOME DESOLATE STREET.

I LET HIM DOWN...HE'S MY PARTNER, AND I--

I'M GOING TO FIND WHOEVER DID THIS.

YOU HEAR ME, PAT? I'M GOING TO *FIND THEM*...

I'M MISSING SOMETHING--ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO PAT...

...SOMETHING ABOUT THESE BANK ROBBERIES. THE SUMMER SISTERS...

...THEY CAME OUT OF ***NOWHERE.*** NONE OF MY SOURCES CAN LINK THEM TO ANY GANG.

NOT TO BIG BOY, TO LIPS, NOT EVEN MAHONEY...

...***WHO*** ARE THEY?

TESS, I'LL DROP YOU AT HOME.

NO.

SEEING PAT, LYING THERE. I DON'T THINK I WANT TO BE ALONE...

IS... IS THAT OKAY?

TESS... ARE YOU SURE...?

TRACY...

...STOP TALKING, WILL YOU?

ring ring ring

TRACY HERE.

WHAT? CARL? WHAT IS IT?

CARL, HEY, LISTEN, CALM DOWN.

WHERE ARE YOU?

WHAT HAPPENED? WHO'S CARL?

AN OLD...HE'S SOMEONE I USED TO KNOW.

I NEED TO GO. I'M SORRY-- I...

"...I'LL BE BACK."

"IT'S BAD, TRACY. I NEED YOUR HELP.

"DO HURRY. NOT SURE HOW MUCH TIME I HAVE. THEY'RE GUNNING FOR ME, I'M AFRAID."

"WHERE ARE YOU, CARL?"

"THE SAGAMORE, DOWN BY THE RAILYARD...BOOKED MYSELF A ROOM.

"IF YOU DON'T MAKE IT, OLD MAN, REMEMBER--

"--SPY 26. WE ***MUST*** FIND HIM."

=HUFF=

=HUFF=

NEVER HEARD CARL LIKE THAT.

SPY 26? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING LIKE THAT. IS HE AMERICAN?

A GOD DAMN KRAUT?

KRAKADOOOM

To Be Continued...

SEGURA
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#12

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 2025

MAD CAVE NO.1

EAT YOUR YOUNG

BUCCELLATO
MONACO
BEAUDOIN

UPPER WEST SIDE. MANHATTAN.
TWELVE HOURS UNTIL CENTURIUM.

YOU KNOW I APPRECIATE YOU PICKING ME UP. APPRECIATE EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU...

BUT WHY THE FUCK ARE WE HERE?

RELAAAAAAAX...

SAY RELAX AGAIN AND SEE IF I DON'T KNOCK YOU OUT.

I THINK YOU MEAN, THANKS FOR PICKING MY ASS UP FROM RIKERS.

CHERIE & CHILDERS
THE TWINS

FUCK YOU. IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHY WE'RE HERE...

THREE YEARS AWAY AND IT'S THE ***THREATS*** I MISS MOST.

FIVE YEARS, ASSHOLE.

OH, YEAH. TIME FLIES...

...THIS IS ELSA'S SCHOOL. TOP FIVE PRIVATE SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY.

SO?! I DON'T KNOW THAT LITTLE BITCH.

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU MET OUR BABY SISTER...

THERE SHE IS... DADDY'S NEW FAVORITE.

SERIOUSLY? THAT FRAGILE LITTLE THING?

THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE IS SAYING.

ELSA

THE YOUNGEST

HER? WHAT THE FUCK HAS SHE DONE TO DESERVE IT?!

DESERVE'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. HE ALWAYS LIKES THE NEW ONES.

UNTIL THE NEXT ONE.

WE SHOULD KIDNAP HER ASS.

I'LL DO YOU ONE BETTER...

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Every 100 years the entire clan loses immortality for a 27.5 day period called THE CENTURIUM.

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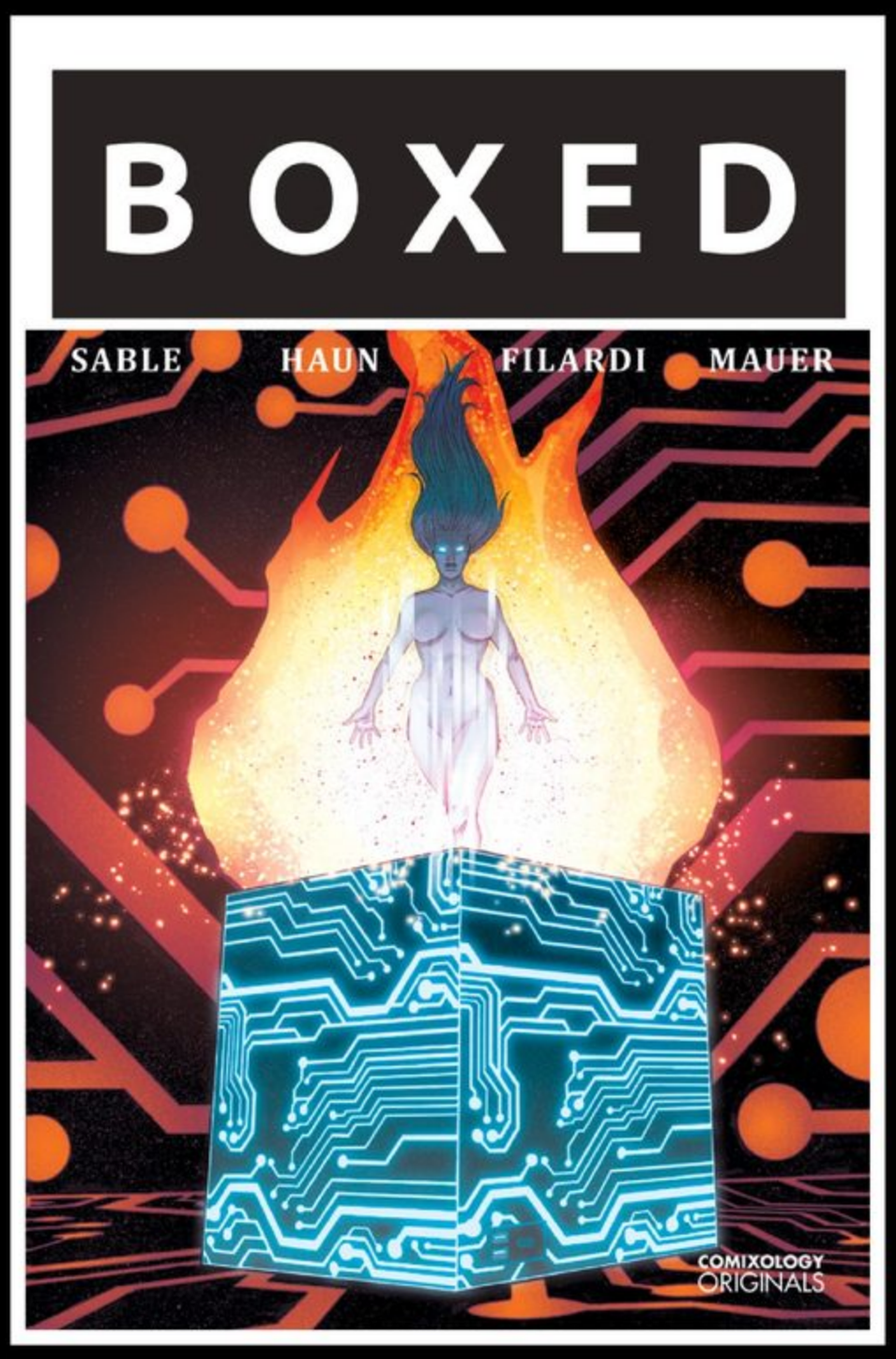

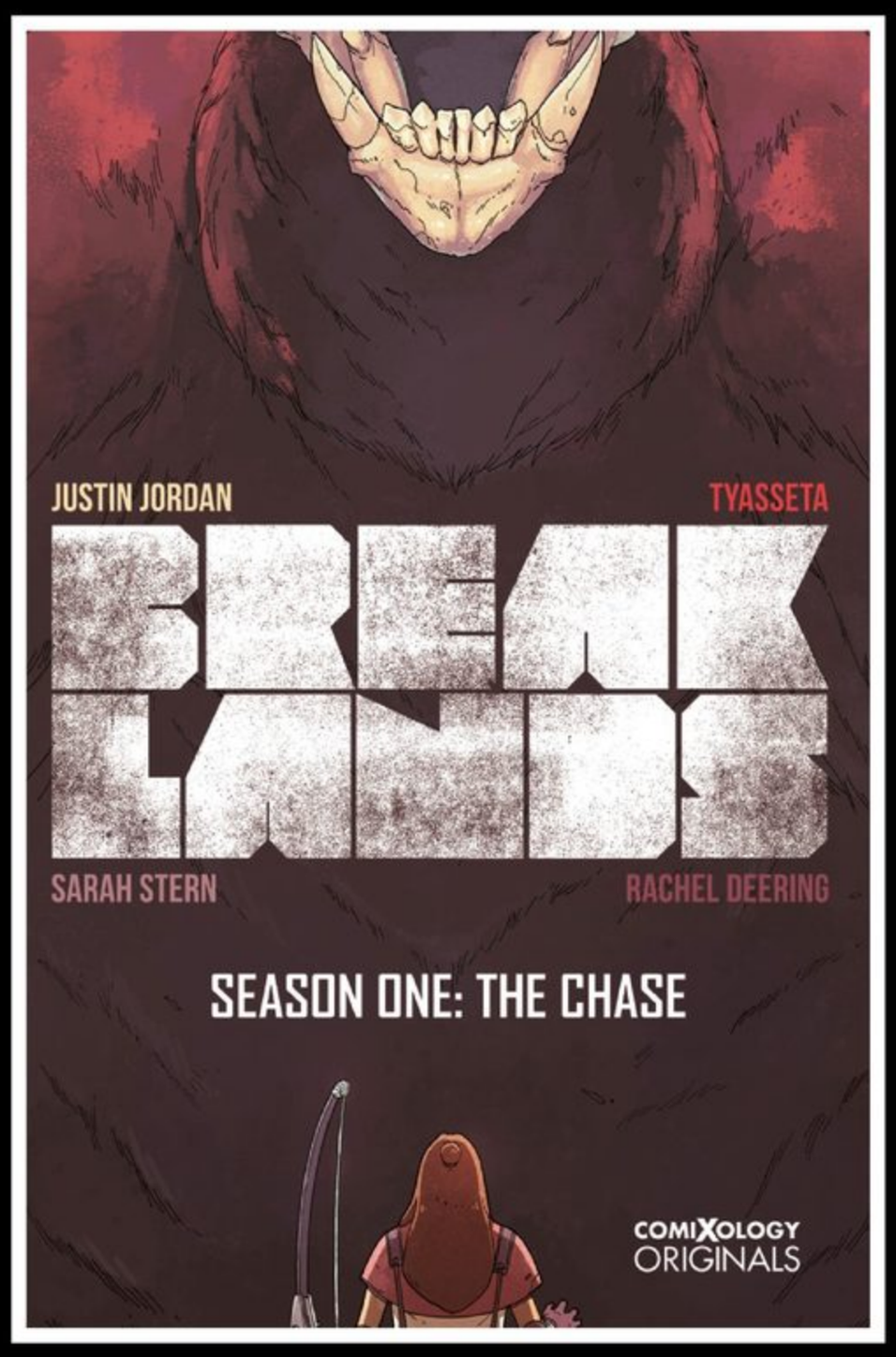

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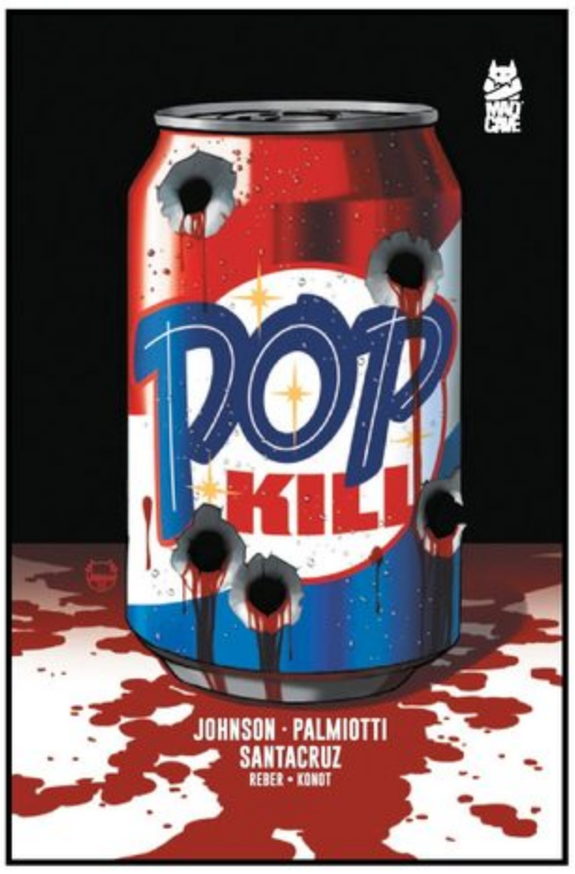

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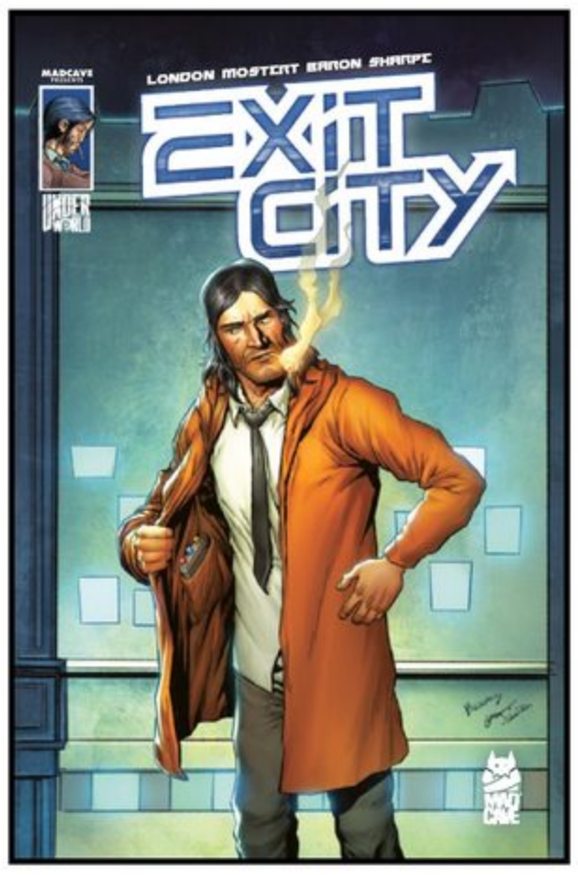

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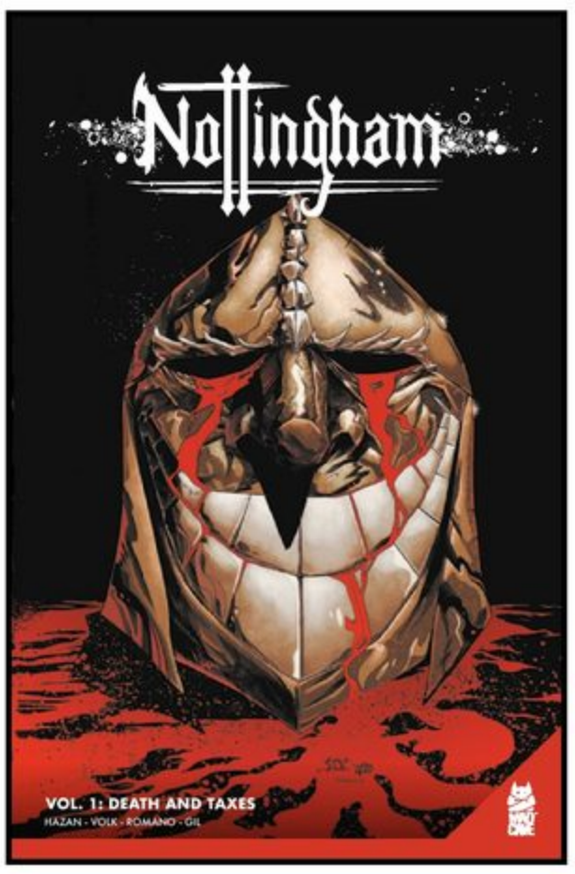

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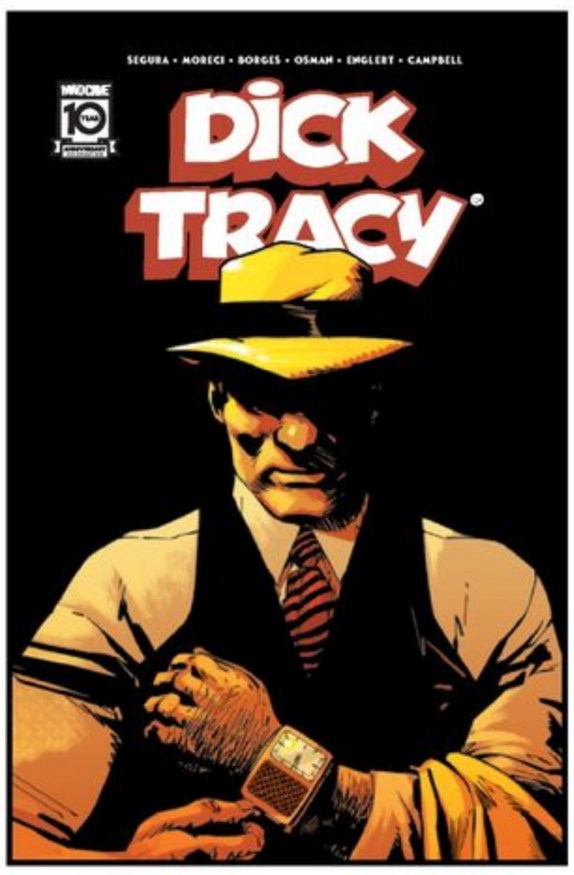

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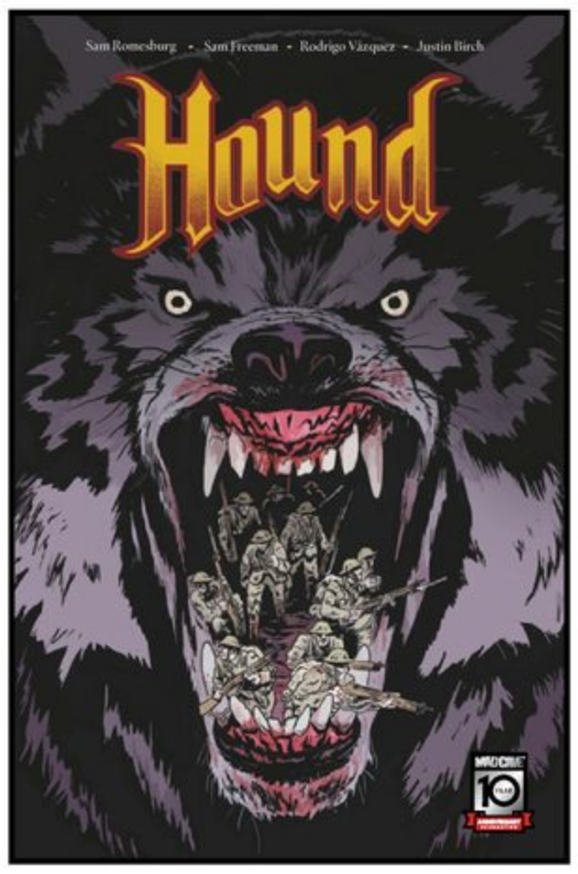

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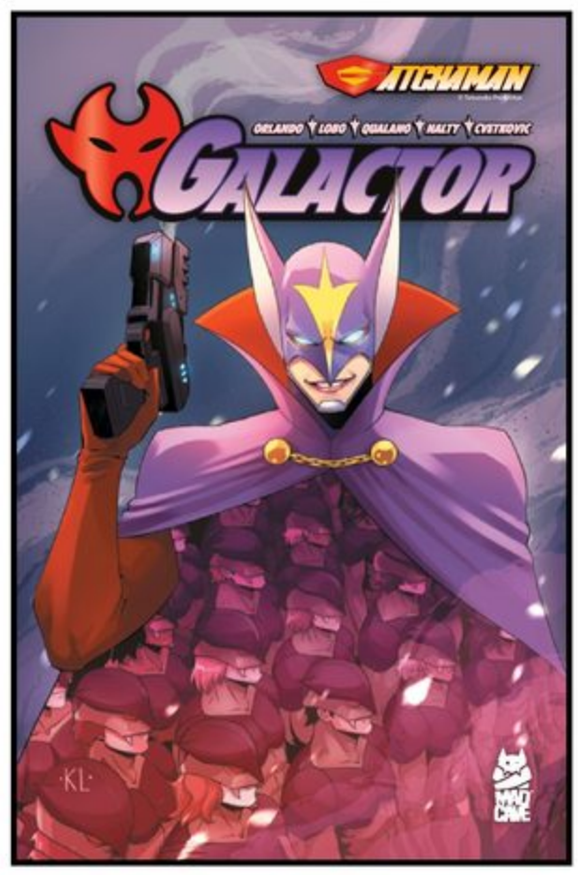

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"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"